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THE

ANTI-TEAPOT

REVIEW.

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THE
ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

—o—o—o—
No. XIV.—AUGUST 15TH, 1867.
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OXFORD TESTED BY A LIBERAL TESTER.

A FEW weeks since, when we were on the steamer (one of the filthy boats which ply between Newhaven and Dieppe), we entered into conversation with a Scotchman who was very hot upon the subject of University Extension and University Reform. The writer of this article had lived two years in Scotland, and was consequently aware of the want of University life in Scotland, and fully conscious of the "plentiful lack" of scholarship to be found in the class-work of Edinburgh Professors. The canny Scot seeing that the weak points of his own fatherland were known to a Southron, did not attempt an *apologia*, or assert, as most Scotchmen could have maintained to an untravelled English *Anti-Teapot*, that the educational, moral, and religious Utopia was to be found nowhere save North of the Tweed. Those who are accustomed to argue with our Northern brethren will readily admit that a personal knowledge of English, Scotch, and Foreign University systems, saved us a great deal of trouble in the present instance, and gave us some claim to attention. But the everlasting subject of Oxford University Tests was broached, and our Scottish controversialist seemed to think that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ought to be made "national institutions," *i.e.*, that the Fellows, Professors, and Dons, ought to be composed, irrespective of creed, of all those denominationalists who constitute, or are supposed to constitute, the nation.

Looking at the subject from very impartial spectacles, we first of all gave the lie to Mr. Goschen's well known theory, and then, for the sake of argument only, presumed it to be true. Our Scottish stranger—a religious Wallace in his way—

descanted on the injustice inflicted on the Nonconformists who are not admitted to the full advantages of an University education. We were obliged to correct him by saying that both at Oxford and Cambridge Nonconformists had the whole of the University curriculum open to them. "Then," said our Celt, "why not admit them as Fellows and Professors? supposing the Universities to be national institutions, why should you debar an intellectual race of men from holding official positions in them? All Nonconformists claim this right, and before long you will have to grant what they exact; the pure Protestantism of England is assailed by 'Oxford as it is;' but, if you can only get the University thrown open, we shall have the highest scholarship and the best men from all parts of the world sent up without delay." To this we made reply as follows, but our words are condensed, "Sir, you have already admitted that the Protestants are an uneducated race, and that in Scotland, their stronghold, scholarship is below par; if Oxford and Cambridge *must* be thrown open to all Nonconformist, *i.e.*, men ("Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels") who are not members of the Church of England, the Roman Catholics and the Jesuits will soon have it all their own way, and how should you like that in Scotland?"

Our transitory acquaintance abjured the idea at once, and although he claimed freedom of thought (and the emoluments of office) for himself and his small Scottish clique, he could not bear the idea of a "Romanised University." For ourselves, we can only say that as long as there is an Established Church in England, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge must be supported and served by members of the Establishment. The "Establishment" is not only national, but it is "Catholic" now, and it was so when the Universities were founded; the belief of the Church has not been changed, but expurgated; and the will of the founders of colleges has been carried out to the letter and *in extenso*. Fancy a Mahomedan sitting in the chair now occupied by the Margaret Professor of Divinity: true, he might, on "impartial" grounds, teach, or at all events "profess," Divinity as ably as Dr. Heurtley. Again, supposing we have a clever Jesuit in the Waynflete chair at Magdalene. What will be the result? An exposition of the four Gospels and of the Acts according to the doctrines of the Primitive Fathers and Post-Reformation Divines; or, a medley of old Scholastic Divinity and modern Ultramontaniam?

By all means, if Dissenters, Presbyterians (Free, United, and

Established), Jews, Mormons, Mussulmans, Orthodox, Baptists, Wesleyans, Leggites (and left Leggites, for such a denomination exists), and the innumerable variations of Protestantism, and other isms, wish for purely secular Universities, let them establish them by their own talents and capital; but, if English and Scottish Protestants once raise the cry of *égalité*, they must bear in mind that their strongest foes will prove those of whom they have never dreamed, the ultra-Romanists and Jesuits!

The Lords wisely declined to pass the bill, which attempted to prostitute the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and intelligent Roman Catholics, *e.g.*, Lord Arundel, substantiate the theory we have formed in a crude article.

RED CLUB.

Middle Temple, 1867.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE University of London will soon be put upon its trial. As one of its well wishers, we trust it will be found equal to the occasion. The character and doings of the Parliamentary representative whom it will shortly be called upon to choose, will be taken by the general public as an embodiment of the character and wishes of the University itself. The University of London has never before had an opportunity of presenting itself to the world in a corporate form, and this its first appearance will be watched with some anxiety. Its representative will be regarded, from the nature of the case, as more truly representative than members of Parliament are generally supposed to be.

If we consider the auspices under which the University of London was founded, we have little hope of being able to approve its choice. The names and opinions of those who were the chief cause of its existence are sufficient in themselves to discourage all hope of its entering upon a useful political career. It was established upon a godless system of morals, and Radical principles of politics. Its founders were impregnated with a love of "new things," and their watchword, under all circumstances, seems to have been "change." To a certain party these considerations are very comforting. The Ultra-Radicals, baffled up to the present time in all their schemes, are eagerly looking forward to the support of one who, as representing a learned

body, will doubtless be heard with respect and attention. But we trust that this will be another of their defeats.

The history of the University of London for many years past makes us sanguine of its future. This history is apparently little known. It seems to be taken for granted that any one who is a member of the University of London is a supporter of the principles upon which it was founded. The supposition is erroneous and extraordinary. No one supposes that every member of the older Universities supports the principles either of their founders or of the majority of their ruling bodies. If such were the case, a Radical Oxonian would be unheard of, and Professor Beesley an incomprehensible anomaly. It is true that among the graduates of the University of London are atheists, socialists, and political and religious denominationalists of all kinds; but it is doubtful whether they form a majority. It is true that the University was founded for their benefit, and they have availed themselves of it. But they have not succeeded in monopolising its advantages. Among the graduates, and notably in the medical faculty, there is a large number of Conservatives, Churchmen, and Moderate Liberals; and it is these, we may add, who are raising the University's social tone. These facts seem to have escaped the public entirely. And yet it must be known that there are many young men in the middle and upper classes of society who from poverty, or the necessity of residing in some particular spot, are unable to go to Oxford or Cambridge. Such persons, desirous of the advantages of a University education and a University degree, avail themselves of the only substitute that is offered to them, and become members of the University of London. It is not necessary that they should accept the principles which that institution is supposed to represent; as a matter of fact, a large number of its graduates wholesomely detest them.

Such being the case then, the Extreme Radicals ought to have little chance in the approaching contest. A member chosen from their ranks would altogether fail to represent the University. Whether a Conservative candidate would command a majority is doubtful, but we are inclined to think that a popular man of Conservative views would stand a very good chance. It is obvious, however, that to effect this object the moderate men of both parties must unite. Singly and unaided, Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals are alike impotent; and it is only by combination that any party can hope to win the field. Now that the question of reform—the only point of serious difference between Conserva-

tives and Moderate Liberals—is settled, there is no reason why the two parties should not coalesce. At all events, for the interests of the University, it is necessary for them to do so. It is time that the public mind was disabused of the libels that, unintentionally perhaps, are propagated concerning the opinions and principles of its graduates. There is no more effectual way of doing this than by the mouth of a well-chosen parliamentary representative.

B. A. (*Lond*)

CONCERNING TRANSLATIONS.

"I WONDER," said a fair Anti-Teapot to me, "why you gentlemen think so much of the ancient poets. I'm sure Æschylus isn't half so good as Tennyson."

It was last Christmas that this remark, as original as it was astounding, was made. The speaker was my cousin, a young lady about whom young Smiles of the Guards had remarked that she was "awfully jolly without being a bit fast, and awfully clever without being a bit blue." But she wasn't *awfully* clever, by any means—being a loveable, pretty girl, as ready for skating or dancing as she was for reading Dante or Goethe. She had undertaken to coach me in Italian and German, and on this particular occasion we had been reading (and possibly flirting a little) together, till the short afternoon came to a close. It was too dark to read; and Lucy, ensconced in a great arm-chair, had been thoughtfully gazing into the fire for some minutes before she made the above remark.

"Why," said I, starting from my own reverie, "what in the name of all that's blue-stocking, do you know about Æschylus, Miss?"

"You needn't be so shocked, Harry," she answered, laughing. It was only a translation of the Prometheus, which I ferreted out from Papa's books last month. I thought it would be so beautiful, and I read it, and you can't think how disappointed I was. And I read some of Lord Derby's Homer, and even that seemed rather dry—and of all things in the world I think those poems of the Idyllic poets that are translated are the dullest and most stupid."

"Do you remember Shelley's Elegy on Keats," I replied. "The one I read you in the boat last summer?"

"I should think I do," said Lucy. "I learnt nearly all of it while I was embroidering those very slippers you have on."

"Well, if anything could make them more valuable," I replied, looking tenderly at the articles in question, "it would be for their association with my old friends Bion and Moschus. Some of the best passages in the Adonais are only paraphrases from the two." And I repeated the stanzas in question to my pretty auditor.

"And you don't mean to say that those are the same as the tedious verses I read?"

"I do: but the poet is rendered by a poet, and by a poet of high order. You must remember that poetry is an art, like painting, not to be learnt of all. What idea would you gain of Raphael's Transfiguration, from a copy executed by some one who was no artist, even though he might conscientiously introduce the smallest accessory of the scene?"

"Ah, Harry," sighed Lucy, "I wish you'd teach me Greek."

"Certainly not," I answered sternly. Does not the *A. T. Review* decidedly disapprove of ladies who study anything but modern literature—and besides," I added, "the grammar is difficult, and you know you wouldn't like *that*; and one part of a verb is no more like another than a butterfly is like a grub; and I have to go back to Oxford in a fortnight, so you wouldn't get beyond the declensions."

"Then, I suppose, I shall never be able to read any of that beautiful poetry," replied Lucy, sorrowfully. "But there's the dressing-bell—now *do* be in time for dinner, Harry."

But I wasn't. The disappointed look in Lucy's blue eyes haunted me. I sat down and considered why it was that the grandest poetry in the world was a sealed book to all but the few who had mastered the difficulties of the classical languages.

Modern translations from Greek and Latin authors are in general little better than cribs—indeed they are not so good as cribs; for, while they are not sufficiently close for "cribbing" purposes, they give one no better idea of the original. The translator may possess great critical knowledge of his author—he may be able to determine to an accent the best reading of a disputed passage, or the proper placing of a *δε* and a *μεν*, or the proper division of lines in a chorus; but all this knowledge, though it makes him an excellent editor or a good coach, will not enable him to give such a rendering of the author as will make his beauties visible to those who know nothing of the original. I am tempted to think that such critical knowledge

is almost a hindrance to the translator, tying him down to the letter.

Above all, the work requires such an intense appreciation of the classic mind as is only met with under a rare combination of circumstances. Who would recommend Dr. Taylor's Plato as an exact translation of the great philosopher? And yet his Plato is full of living interest, and the *Phædo* ends as pathetically in his simple English as in the original. Though his Socrates is not dignified with a *k* (and is even, in the earlier editions, made to contract *them* into 'em, like any rustic) yet he moves our love and wonder more than the carefully rendered Sokrates of modern translations. But then Taylor would himself have willingly offered a cock to *Æsculapius*, if he could have found a flamen. He was one of those rare proselytes occasionally won by the distant glories of the old religion.

Take Shelley again. Would any one have read with him for a degree, or have got one if they had? And yet it is impossible to read his fragmentary translations without acknowledging that the Gulf of Spezia destroyed one of the best chances we ever had of those great treasure-houses of noble thoughts and glorious imagery being thrown open to the public. Look at the marvellous grace and ease with which he has dealt with his avowed translations. Above all, he loved to interweave Grecian poetry with his own verse, and thus give it a double life.

But Shelley's was essentially a classic mind. He had little or none of the Teuton in him—and he, like Taylor, did not look with alien eyes on those fair creations of the old faith. They had a reality for the two men which they never could have for a subscriber to the XXXIX Articles—and they made them real to others. They painted from no lay-figures, but for them there came "the milk-white splendour of life over the marble limbs," and we have just enough result to make us, like Mr. Squeers' little boys, "long for more." And yet, in the eyes of many, they are "utterly worthless translations."

Who reads the ordinary run of classical translations? Chiefly friends of the translator, to whom the book is sent; most probably classical students themselves, who look over the English with the original in their minds, and judge of it very much as we should judge a pianoforte arrangement of one of Handel's choruses. Let it be close to the original, let there be no slips of scholarship, and they are ready to pronounce it excellent. As for the public, "why, English is English, and Greek, Greek, and of course the effect cannot be the same." It is true the

translation must often fall short of the original. It would be difficult indeed to find an equivalent for the sound of such a line as

αἰὲ δὲ τοῦ παρόντος ἀχθῶν κακοῦ.

That spondee alone gives you the idea of such a weight that might realise Arnatt's hypothesis, and crush the world into a nutshell; but the language in which Milton wrote would surely give a better approximation to it than such a rendering as—

"For aye the weight of this thy present ill."

And what idea of the wild grandeur of the Furies' spell—

ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ τεθυμένῳ
τόδε μέλος, παρακοπῆ, παραφορᾶ, φρενοδαλῆς,
ὕμνος ἐξ Εἰρινύων
δέσμιος φρενῶν, ἀφόρμικτος, αὐτὸνὰ βροτοῖς

is given us in the translation :

"Against the Devoted
We mutter a spell
Shall bar him from heaven,
Shall bind him to hell.
We lash him to frenzy
With dissonant hymns,
And harrow his spirit,
And torture his limbs;
And blight him and scorch him
With soul-killing fires;
Till the last ray of life
In the socket expires."

And Lucy, to whom these thoughts had been imparted the next day, in the course of a walk, fairly burst out laughing, and said :

"Well, I'm sure the translation can't be at all like the Greek you said, for *that* sounded grand." (Indeed, I had spouted it at the top of my voice, causing three bullocks to look up from their swedes in amazement.)

"You see," I replied, "to sum up what I have been saying, in order for any one to give the world a fair idea of what the great writers of Greece and Rome really were, he must be a true poet himself, must have an inexhaustible "word-hoard;" and must be, *tant soit peu*, a heathen. Now such a man is not easy to find; and if found, the worst of it is, that he would most probably prefer writing original poems to translations; and then poets are a lotos-eating race, and it would be a laborious work. So you must rest content with the noble plagiarisms in Dante,

Milton, and the like. But *perhaps*, if you really feel brave enough to fight through the grammatical and other dragons that guard this enchanted ground, and if I come down here in the Long, and if you are a good girl in the meantime, and occasionally slip a note to me into one of Charley's letters, I may then possibly introduce you to Pinnock's "Greek Catechism" and Dalziel's "Analecta" (though I highly disapprove of learned ladies), and I'll coach you in Greek till you get tired of it."

Now whether I have gone down "there" this Long, and whether I am coaching Lucy in Greek, and whether she is tired of it and me, is my own business and no one's else.

ALPHAPHI.

THE SCOTTISH "SAWBATH."

In the investigation and survey of a nation's character we must of necessity first look to the predominating influences which go to form that character. And if we put Scotland under the microscope of investigation we have not far to look for this our starting point. Scotland before the Reformation was one thing—Scotland after the Reformation is another; and the mere suggestion of this twofold aspect creates for itself a wonderful and striking contrast.

The great change in the character of the people of this country by that great work will not be denied, though it may be asserted that it was rather a change in the sentiments of the people which produced the Reformation. If this be asserted, we can only deny the contradiction, and reply that the Reformation was an accident, brought about by circumstances political and ecclesiastical through the labyrinth of which we have no intention of dragging our readers. We hold it to be an axiomatic truth that inasmuch as civilization is generally the result of religious instruction, therefore it is religion which forms the character, and not the character which creates the religion of a country. And, if this axiom or first principle be accepted, our former assertion will not be contradicted.

It was not that the Scottish people perceived from calm investigation that the religion of their fathers was a corrupt one, and that, in consequence, another was desirable. But, during the reign of unfortunate Mary, the country was so agitated by various causes, that Knox, arriving at this time, found the people

ready for any rebellion against their Queen, if only a man could be found strong enough to make the cause popular.

Little as we sympathize with the manner in which Knox pushed his work, we cannot but acknowledge his marvellous power and influence, unprecedented in previous history. No other religious fanatic since Mohammed was blessed with such universal success. The people not only accepted his word as infallible, but were ready with him to die for the cause which he espoused. And in this unprincipled rebellion the nation first lost their previous character of justice, and began from this epoch to dwindle into the miserable reign of Ecclesiastical Tyranny and *Teapotism* which is now "in full sail and full swing." In these remarks we most distinctly disavow any attempt to palliate the errors of Rome then so prominent, nor do we assert that the Reformation brought evil unmixed with good. Scotland was free to choose any religion she fancied, or, to do as she has done, create a religion for herself; but she has no right to enforce on others wholesale, with Pharisaic self-righteousness, principles of bigotry and intolerance.

It is virtue nowadays in Scotland to slander your neighbour because he differs from you as to the infallibility of Calvin's Institutes; and you are liable to be dubbed an unpardonable reprobate, if you prefer the balmy air and canopy of heaven, to being stifled with long discourses and the fragrant odour of peppermint for several consecutive hours each consecutive "Sawbath."

But let us beware how we speak of Scotland's Molten Calf; let us rather infuse the poison of Arius or Socinus, for that we may do with impunity; but one word against this Judaic idol, and we are doomed to everlasting confusion!

We need not recapitulate the history of Sabbath worship in Scotland. Our readers are already sick of the subject. They already know how the desire, so largely felt in Edinburgh, for Sunday recreation in the Botanic Gardens was quashed by the counter-petitions of those who thanked the Lord they were not as other men; and they may possibly have glanced at the debates in the late Assemblies, enjoyed the many fierce and bitter denunciations of all well-wishers of Lord Amberley's bill for giving the people a portion at least of their Sunday; and hearkened with dread to the crushing anathemas hurled at all who dared to patronize that awful monstrosity, a SUNDAY TRAIN!

But the great climacteric was not yet reached—hear it, O ye

Sabbath desecrators and shareholders of Sabbath-breaking lines ! The report (on Sabbath observance) continued, "May we not put the question. Have the present ruinous embarrassments of some large lines of railway, and the depreciation in value of Railway Stock in general, nothing to do with *the displeasure of the Lord of the Sabbath!*" Again the report recommended all persons going to Paris, while there, to remember the Sabbath and keep it holy." "In conclusion the Committee suggested for the serious consideration of the Assembly, whether . . . the time had not now come when the church . . . should put forth Her united efforts for obtaining the stoppage of all Scottish mails." Kind, benevolent creatures !

Truly this is an age of wonders ; but it is not yet that perfection is reached, in which sentiment the Scotch Assemblies will no doubt beg to differ from us. In those who desire to recreate on Sunday, who happen to prefer a ceremonial worship — that of their forefathers — to the cold dreary services of Presbyterian "use," they see a woman caught in adultery, and they one and all feel good enough to take up stones and cast them at her.

Think not, reader, that because the Scotch can consume whisky with any country in the world, they are therefore *Anti-Teapots*. If there ever was a spot of earth steeped in bigotry and intolerance, in shams and delusions of all sorts, it is the unhappy land of Mary, Wallace, and Bruce.

J. H. B., (M.A. *Edin.*)

THE ANTI-TEAPOT'S CAUSERIE.

(DEDICATED TO OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.)

WE fancy that the last few weeks must have been a most uncomfortable season for genuine *Teapots* in London ; though the glorious opportunity it has given them for quiet scandal-parties, enlivened by lots of groaning over the increasing profligacy of the age, has perhaps compensated them for the feelings of annoyance with which they must have viewed the refreshing spectacle of the staid old "shopkeeping nation" for once thoroughly enjoying itself.

We may congratulate ourselves on having performed well the unusual task of rousing our energies for once from their state of chronic indifference to everything except hard work. We have

acquitted ourselves creditably in giving much real pleasure to the numerous guests who have honoured us during the summer; and, to our mind, in spite of all that has been said to run down the hospitality of the nation, and the arrangements for dispensing it, the whole country, and London in particular, deserves very great credit for effecting so much under the existing difficulties. What those difficulties were, and what an amount of tact on the part of the managers was required to surmount them, the two most prominent features of the summer's entertainment will show:—

First: Though we were equally delighted and honoured with the august presence of the Sultan and the Viceroy, yet, knowing their relative position—the latter owing a feudal allegiance to the other—we could not entertain them both in the same place and in the same manner, and so we did wrong in being dazzled by the lustre of the crescent, and forgetting that the Viceroy had far greater claims on our attention.

The other difficulty unfortunately appears to be without remedy; and at present we can only lament our hard fortune in being left, of all the kingdoms of Europe, virtually without a Court. Anywhere else, all the *fêtes* in honour of the Sultan, Viceroy, and the Belgian Volunteers would have been carried on with very great assistance from the Court, if indeed they had not been considered a duty devolving entirely upon it.

But even these obstacles cannot take away from the *éclat* of the entire proceedings, which was heightened by Miss Burdett Coutts' *fête champêtre* and the general good-humour and desire of Londoners to make themselves agreeable.

The Review of the Guards, Artillery, and Volunteers at Wimbledon was a success in everything except the torrents of rain that grace all our gala-days now, in punishment, we suppose, of our increasing taste for sight-seeing and pleasure-taking.

The Hyde Park Review, which in every respect would have done credit to the country, and would have been eminently satisfactory for more than one reason, has been rendered immortal by its never taking place.

In the theatrical world a new star has risen in the person of the favoured *débutante* of her Majesty's Theatre, Mdle. Christine Nilsson. She comes from the *Théâtre Lyrique*, Paris, and bids fair, when her voice is more formed, to equal, if not eclipse, Patti. Every part she has taken has discovered fresh powers of versatility and genius. *Marguerita*, in Gounod's opera of

"Faust," was one of her first characters here, and she was rapturously applauded; but since then she has excelled, as *Lady Henrietta*, in "*Marta*."

Covent Garden has flourished until the last effort of a slow season was made in bringing "*Don Carlos*" on the stage; a piece which must be thought very heavy, and is not at all liked, in spite of all the expense and trouble taken by the manager in producing it.

The New Royalty, one of the smallest and most unpretending theatres in London, has for many weeks secured a full audience by the really good acting displayed in Mr. Craven's serio-comic drama, "*Meg's Diversion*." Miss Oliver possesses the rather unusual qualification of being able to throw her whole heart into all she says and does. There is none of that appearance of "ennui" that creeps over the best of actresses towards the end of a play. In "*Black-Eyed Susan*" the dances are good, but we think the boxes and stalls would be more crowded if the scene were omitted in which *Captain Crostree* does the ridiculous in a very advanced stage of intoxication. This piece has had a run of 200 nights.

"True to the Core," at the Princess's, has been a great attraction. It is a prize drama, and contains some well-conceived characters; it is a great pity they are not well acted. One thing we noticed with regard to this play,—and the remark is more or less applicable to many of the London theatres—is that the company appear to be perfectly satisfied with securing the services of only one good actor, who in this piece is Mr. Creswick; Miss Moore being too childish and wanting in the power of representing the heroism of the bride of *Martin Truogold*.

The "*Great City*" at Drury Lane, is a drama that derives what little applause it gets from the pit and gallery alone, there being too little refinement in the scenes and grace in the acting. The scenes are true and laid in London, consequently interesting; but the plot is far-fetched and heavy. The beggars' dance is admirable; but, on the whole, the piece cannot be considered a success by any means.

We sincerely hope the Christmas plays and pantomimes will be good this year. Until the festive season arrives, no one need hope for anything more in the way of excitement.

J. N. E.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

THE season that has just come to an end shows the development of a change, that for some time past has been observable in the younger members of English society. It originated in a reaction from a state of things very undesirable, but, like most changes, is certainly for the worse.

It can hardly have escaped any one that courtship and matrimony are very different things from what they used to be, and that a great change has passed over them even within the last few years. Young people do not now fall in love, obtain their parents' consent, and get married, in the easy way that formerly prevailed. A difficult, and often tedious, course has in these days to be gone through—a course that reflects little credit upon one at least of the parties concerned. This change shows a remarkable difference between the social life of the present day and that of the last century. The young ladies of the last century were a romantic, poetry-loving, gushing set; those of the present day are cool, calculating, and almost avaricious; and, it is to be feared, are daily becoming more so. The writers of the last century pandered to the popular taste in novels and plays of the most sentimental dye, and their successors of the present day feed the new tendency by inculcating the praiseworthy doctrines of marrying for money, and the uselessness of matrimonial love. Assignations, clandestine correspondence, and finally, elopements, were a sad state of things; but we doubt whether their results were more baneful than the example of a young girl setting herself to work to pick out as her husband the wealthiest and best-to-do man of her acquaintance, however old, however disagreeable he may be, and however great her own personal dislike to him. A love-marriage between two paupers is foolish, and evil enough in its consequences; but the thought of an intended bride directing the preparation of the marriage settlement, and squabbling for a larger jointure, is infinitely more revolting.

Not long ago, the charge of worldliness in the choice of a husband was made very justly against the mothers, and their daughters were only blamed for acquiescing too easily in their elders' wishes. Young girls were then considered to be unwilling martyrs, and came in probably for a good deal more pity than they deserved. But it is not possible for them now to shelter themselves under this excuse. Social changes and a variety of

circumstances have thrown them more on their own resources; and they have shown themselves not incapable of taking care of themselves. Among other things, it is the fashion now to exclude mothers and chaperones as much as possible from the ball-room. The fearful array of feathered dowagers that used formerly to line the sides of the dancing-room, ready to tear away their charges from the arms of penniless partners, is no longer seen; and apparently satisfied with youthful prudence and shrewdness, they make themselves very comfortable in the ante-rooms. Thus left to themselves, it is interesting to watch the admirable manner in which the young fledglings manage to use their wings. They soon become acquainted, almost by instinct, with the well-to-do, and those who have *expectations*. The task of obtaining introductions to such is easily accomplished, and the happy maiden proceeds at once to make the best use of her time.

This new method of courtship is a delicate business, and requires constant watchfulness. Croquet parties, dinners, and pic-nics give rise to several variations. If it is difficult to bring the victim to a point, a collateral flirtation is often useful. This may be carried on with anyone, and the more openly the better. Awkward questions of procedure sometimes arise, but the chief maxim to be borne in mind seems to be this—keep the head cool, and take care that the heart has nothing to do with the matter.

Courtship has thus fallen to the lot of the weaker portion of humanity, and, as if to show the advantage of skill over brute force, is now conducted with much more certainty, and much less expenditure of emotion, than when it was in the hands of the stronger sex. Marriage was formerly the result of a reciprocal passion called love: it is now brought about by the conviction of some young lady that to be the wife of a certain man would conduce very much to her personal advantage—in the shape of an *entrée* into good society, or plenty of money. To obtain these advantages, it is worth while to go through a certain amount of tedious manœuvring, and there is always the satisfaction of knowing that the most skilful are the most successful. If the companionship of a disagreeable old man or an ignorant blockhead is thrown into the bargain, why, it cannot be helped, and there are plenty of opportunities of avoiding his society. Town and country houses, carriages and horses, diamonds and gorgeous attire, are prizes for which it is scarcely possible to sacrifice too much; and, if circumstances put these out of the question, then a neat little establishment in Belgravia is

infinitely better than love in a cottage and three hundred a-year.

Such is the tone of thought which is gradually gaining ground amongst marriageable maidens of modern English society. What effect it is likely to have upon their world-wide reputation, it is not difficult to imagine. One of the chief characteristics of English girls used to be their utter abnegation of self. They are apparently now weary of this trait, and do all in their power to establish its opposite. We trust that this will soon pass away. The probable results of it we have not ventured to enter upon, for fear of shocking our readers. There is a medium between extravagant sentimentalism and absolute heartlessness; but, if the medium cannot be attained, then, without hesitation, choose the former. There is a difference between rushing into matrimony on the strength of love at first sight, and deliberately choosing a man for no other reason than because he has the largest income; but if the one is the more imprudent, the other is the more contemptible. This tendency springs from two causes: the pushing forward of women into an active, and therefore false, position, and the universal worship of mammon. Let our English girls cultivate anew those charms which they are now beginning to lose—straightforwardness and unselfishness, and recollect that there are other things in the world more to be desired than a wealthy husband.

LORDS AND GENTLEMEN AT THE STRAND.

WE have heard that an eminent living statesman was once upon a time blackballed at one of the fashionable clubs, because he deigned to accept payment for the leaders which he contributed to the *Times*; and we know of a distinguished F.R.S., and former President of the Royal Astronomical Society, a man of European celebrity, who was, in like manner, refused admission to a suburban archery club, for the sole reason that he happened to be engaged in manufactures. Extremes meet, they say, and polite snobbery has of late assumed an entirely new aspect,—viz., that of aristocratic amateurs providing sensational entertainment for the crowd, by the exhibition of their own persons, and parade of their titles to the vulgar gaze. Far be it from us to insinuate that such should hide their lights under bushels, or content themselves with being mere titled patrons of literature or art. Many of our nobles have thrown in their lot with us

humbler "knights of the quill,"—the names of Argyle, Stanhope, and Sir G. C. Lewis are second to none among political and philosophical writers. These men, indeed, do honour to their rank, and add a brighter lustre to their ancestral shields. But what shall we say of those who, with or without a modicum of talent, trade on the mere accidents of their birth and fortune, pandering to the lowest tastes of the populace,—when we see those whom we had fain looked on as

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the State,"

strutting across the boards of London playhouses! We shall of course be met by the usual canting apology, that the exhibition was made solely for charitable purposes; but we demur to the plea that the end, at least the ostensible end, justifies the means, as a piece of Jesuitical casuistry.

Few of the educated portion of the audience could have gone, certainly after the first night, in the hope of seeing a good burlesque well acted; and we are sure that the "charitable purpose" of the show never entered the heads of the divinities aloft. If the theatres were crowded, and showers of gold fell into the laps of the sufferers, we are so far glad of it; but, granting that some better impulse found a place in the breasts of the actors, we still believe that their prime motive was to court the "*ventosæ plebis suffragia*," to hear the peals of applause, and see themselves smothered with bouquets; while, on the part of the spectators, the sole attraction was to stare at coronetted and titled personages in the novel capacity of ministers to their amusement and entertainment.

Under such circumstances success is no criterion of special merit, much less of public esteem for the characters of the actors; and we can assure the Marquis and his company that they have, by their own conduct, inflicted a greater injury on the class to which they belong, and have done more to lower it in the estimation of the people, than daily harangues of demagogues like Bradlaugh and Beales (M.A.); for,

"Nec census, nec clarum nomen avorum,
Sed probitas magnos, ingeniumque facit."

FITZ-EDWARD.

Univ. Coll. Lond.

“RELIGIOUS” AGITATORS AND POLITICAL RUFFIANS.

THAT “object,” as the *Daily Rebel* called him—Mr. Murphy, the Irish potato who has already been immortalized in these pages, has again been trying to make a hero of himself at Birmingham, and the result was a riot. Mr. Whalley, who has been repeatedly asked to favour the House of Commons with a song, was, of course, one of Mr. Murphy’s fellow-labourers; and, unless we are deceived, that amiable “religious” monomaniac, Colonel Brockman, helped to the utmost of his ability (whatever that may be) to swell the surging torrent of riot and disorder in Mr. Bright’s own pure (?) but Radical borough. The lamented death of a very able and conscientious Liberal, Mr. Scholefield, was also the occasion of a second riot in the Brummagem district; and Mr. Bright has no reason to congratulate himself on the lawless behaviour of his own pet lambs and political *discipuli*. But the edict has gone forth from the Reform League that rioting is simply another word for “righting” grievances; and Mr. Bright has himself to thank for the ill-behaviour of his constituents, as he published to the world not long since a most seditious letter, in which he was pleased to assert that “might” had in past ages prevailed against right, and that there was no reason why revolutionary traditions should not be brought to bear upon an age which, though progressive, is sick of “Reform” platitudes, and seeks to strengthen the hands of the Government by protecting it from the inroads of Radicalism. The *fiat* having once gone forth from Mr. Bright, that would-be strong and can’t-be fair body, the Reform League, took up the cry, and on every possible occasion the leaders of it (too contemptible to be mentioned by name) have strung up all their insensate nerves to what they call “action.” The result has been a thorough defiance of law and order, and a supreme contempt for the common principles of honesty. In our possession is a ticket issued by the “Metropolitan Working Men’s Conservative Association,” and on it the following words are distinctly printed:—“Any one making use of this Ticket is assumed to be favourable to the objects of the Meeting, and consents to be ruled by the Chairman,” whose name is printed in large letters (so that the most idiotic Radical may not be mistaken) as “R. N. Fowler, Esq.” In spite of this forewarning, the ragtail and bobtail of London Radicals, Lucraft, Mantle, Langley, *et hoc genus omne*, obtain surreptitious entrance to an

essentially "Conservative" meeting, bring in with them their ruffian followers, and on June 17th last turn St. James's Hall literally into a revolutionary *Inferno*.

The disgusting behaviour of those Leaguers who, by superior organisation, smashed the balusters, and upset a whole meeting by their ruffianly conduct, cannot be placed too prominently before the public. The *Telegraph* and the *Star* condemned the League's policy; but the nation must not forget that, whether Liberal or Conservative, fair play is the true principle for our guidance; and that filthy compound of Radicalism, Infidelity, and Revolution, the "Reform League," the so-called champion of "people's rights," the hypocritical "friend of the working-man," has, during the short *regime* of its leaders, done more to suppress freedom of thought and action than any other organisation in the kingdom. The Reform Leaguers have also robbed working men of their day's wages? And what in the name of common sense have Reformers done for working men? Simply nothing. It is high time that working men should rise to a sense of their responsibilities; that those on whom the franchise is about to be conferred by a Conservative Ministry, should free themselves from the thralldom of a democratic absolutism, and refuse to be led by the nose by Reformers and Trades Unionists, whose representatives in this country are rioters and discontented demagogues, *Pottering* workmen, and great spouters, with low brows and *Broad Heads*.

NOTE.—We hail, with the heartiest satisfaction, the appearance of the *British Lion*, a new and very able Conservative weekly paper. The price is one penny, and the publisher's address, 275½, Strand, W.C.

THE REFORM CRICKET MATCH.

WHIGGERY has received its *coup de grace* by the passing of a Conservative Reform Bill, and it will in future be very difficult for gentlemen of the old Whig school to get up any sort of cry at a general election. Judging from past experience, we are of opinion that those who have always held up Reform as a very fine theory, are the very last men to carry it into practice. It is a notorious fact that the most violent opponents to any measure of enfranchisement are to be found in the ranks of that noble army of pseudo-Reformers who please themselves and their adherents by adopting the name of "Liberals." That thoroughbred Whig, and so-called "Father of Reform," Earl Russell, has made himself and his party conspicuous by the steady

opposition which they have given to any real measure of Parliamentary Reform; and Mr. Gladstone, the "Liberal" leader of the Lower House, although he has ostentatiously paraded his "forbearance," has signally failed in defeating his sworn foe, Mr. Disraeli. John Bright—we presume a Quaker would call the word "Mr." a word, if not a work, of supererogation—has been foaming all the Session; but his opposition has been, as it always must be, save amongst his Birmingham constituency, useless.

The disappointed place-hunter, Mr. Lowe, has enlivened the debates by a few telling speeches and some hard hitting; but, unfortunately for him, he has either been caught at point or else been "stumped." "Mr." Bright has always been a "leg" before; and of the Conservatives we can only say that Lord Cranborne, who foolishly handled the ball, had to retire with a duck's egg, in spite of the crumping of General Peel and Lord Carnarvon.

Poor Mr. Beresford Hope was unable to make up his mind to anything, and was consequently bowled with a ball which broke on to the off stump. All the Scotch, and most of the Irish members, went off their ground, and, as "last men in," were given "out" for the great score of round O. Mr. Roebuck, a veteran bat, showed a little play, and encouraged the younger "colts"—Mr. Disraeli and others—in their attempt to cut difficult balls. The runs were made on the first innings by Messrs. Lowe and Laing; Mr. Osborne attitudinized with great effect, and served as bandmaster when members are going to sleep; Mr. Coleridge's "instruction" from his professional did not prevent him from being caught by the long stop; and Mr. Doulton's straight drive for seven sent the ball right out of Lambeth to the vicinity of (the) Lords. Mr. Ayrton, an aspiring captain, sent the ball towering into the air, and was caught in the neighbouring hamlet of Short Slip. The Lord of Ches(s)ter was checkmated just as the "*Day*" was getting on, and in sending a daisy-cutter to the new home-secretary (*vice* Mrs. Walpole resigned), lost the match by 32 runs for the Reformed side, which first put in a victorious team in 1832, and has never since been heard of.

Mr. Disraeli carried his bat for the Conservatives, and having, unaided, made an unheard-of score, was received with a perfect ovation, both at Lords and the better pitch, but less aristocratic neighbourhood, of our pet London ground, the Kennington Oval.

Umpires: Lord Cairns and the Editor of the *Times*.

A VAIN ATTEMPT,

BY

AN OLD BACHELOR.

'Tis years since I have seen a face
 That won my fancy so completely,
 Monopolizing every grace—
 And then she smiles so sweetly !

I always thought that painters feigned,
 That Venus' form was half ideal—
 Fanny has their truth sustained,
 For Fanny's proves it real.

I've heard the gentle breeze awake
 The stream—I've heard far-off bells ringing,
 I've listened by the lonely brake,
 To birds their love-songs singing.

I've heard love echo back love's sigh,
 Relief of hearts with passion teeming,
 I've heard a sleeping child reply,
 To bright and fairy dreaming.

Nor breeze, nor stream, nor bells, nor bird,
 Nor, sigh, nor child, oh ! no, nor any
 Of nature's tones I ever heard,
 Can match the voice of Fanny !

Poetry, sculpture, music breathe,
 Their separate charms, in Fanny blending—
 I can't a worthy chaplet wreath—
 I'd better make an ending.

Arundel Club.

H. H.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH.

WHAT gives thee such a wondrous charm, sweet river ?
 How hast thou summoned from the o'erhanging clouds
 The fairy elves which sing and dance in crowds
 Upon thine emerald banks, green Guadalquiver ?
 Dost thou, while on thy face the sunbeams shine,
 Steal them and hold them for thine own, and seize
 All nature's light—all love's soft melodies—
 All that is beautiful, to make it thine ?

Of barks that float upon thy stream—of gold
That sparkles on thy sands—of odorous flowers,
Of angel nymphs that smile among thy bowers—
Romance has chanted—poetry has told :
But, O ! thou hast no charm so fair, so bright,
As thine own Seville in her glory dight !

Adage :

“FROM the beast at the altar the best and the worst must be wrung.”

Application :

So the wise man of Greece took his knife and dissevered—the tongue.

Athenæum Club.

J. B.

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THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW and the PARIS EXHIBITION.

From sheer want of space our second article on the Paris Exhibition is held over; but we feel bound to add that we have not received, either in personal experience or from the reports of correspondents, any unaccountable statements of overcharges. We understand that, until quite recently, Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co., the well-known railway booksellers, have caused "Chambers's Handy Book to Paris" to be offered for sale at Newhaven for half-a-crown, when the published price is only 1s. 6d., but that, owing to a remonstrance from an Anti-Teapot, the mistake was rectified.

THE ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY. NEW RULES.

The new rules are now ready, and each member of the A. T. S. ought to be supplied with a copy.

Non-Members of the Society, desirous of becoming acquainted with the principles of the A. T. S., may have the rules by enclosing 7 stamps to the President A. T. S., care of HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A. T. S. CRICKET CLUB.

Gentlemen who wish to join the club should send in their names to the Editor of A. T. R., 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS. ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

Members of the A. T. S., and others, are informed, that Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON do not keep the *Anti-Teapot Review* at their Bookstalls; but it may be obtained at any of Messrs. WILLING'S Stalls on the Metropolitan Railway, or to order only, through all respectable booksellers or news agents.

London Office: 65, Paternoster Row. Oxford: 2, High Street. Reading: London Road West. Paris: 26, Boulevard des Italiens.

THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW, No. 15.

Letters, books for review, &c., should be sent to the Editor of the A. T. R., 65, Paternoster Row, E.C. Advertisements are received by S. DEACON & Co., 154, Leadenhall Street, E.C., of whom all information may be obtained.

Vol. 1 may now be had to order of the Publishers.

For "Opinions of the Press," see the A. T. R., Nos. 3 and 13.

ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY. GENERAL MEETING.

The President of the A. T. S. requests all members of the Society who will be able to attend a General Meeting in London, on Saturday, September 28th, to send in their names at once.

Members at a distance are also requested to send to the President the substance of any resolutions which they desire to have submitted to the aforesaid meeting. Address, The President A. T. S., 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A. T. S. ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinners have been held at the "London," the "Wellington," and "St. James's Hall," during the past three years. Members desirous of Organizing for next year (January, 1868), should write to the President as soon as possible.

ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY'S TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

The objects of this Club are to give every possible information to members of the A. T. S., concerning routes, and Hotels which have been tested by Anti-Teapots; to expose all overcharges and cases of extortion, and to keep a list of those hotels, &c., which may be confidently recommended from the personal experience of Anti-Teapots; and further, for the encouragement of papers on "Vacation Tours," so that the inexperienced may gain knowledge before they set foot on foreign soil. Non-Members of the Society are requested to forward *bona fide* communications to the President A. T. S., 65, Paternoster Row, E.C.

NEW MUSIC.

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The "Anti-Teapot Quadrilles," and the "Anti-Teapot March.

Ecclesiastical.

"The A. T. S.," "Brisbane;" "Graaf Reinnet," and several other pieces are now ready in MS. The A. T. S. Choral Society will proceed with the publication of these, and several other pieces, as soon as the subscription list has been filled up.

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No. IX.—MAY, 1866.

Contents:—The Pembroke Scandal—Married Life. No. 3.—An Appeal to Relations—Thoughts on Thinkers—Irish Teapots—Mr. Bouverie's Carte du Jour—How Miss Caroline Lost her Chance—Our Bavardeur—What Anti-Teapot Reviewers are Not—A Word on Reform.

No. X.—AUGUST, 1866.

Contents:—The Session—Married Life. No. 4.—Thoughts on Thinkers (conclusion)—Reform Demonstrations—Irish Teapots. No. 2.—The Albert Victor—Clarissa—Our Bavardeur.

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Contents:—Reform at Reading—Writers on Ritualism—Sensation Science—Our Bavardeur—The Democrat's Alphabet—On the Picture of the Burial of King Charles I.—Short Notices of Recent Publications.

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Contents:—Unfounded Dislikes—The Anti-Slavery Society and Mr. Eyre—Cholera in London and the Provinces—Choice Advertisements. No. 2.—Fenianism—The Soldier's Dream—Idem Latine.

No. XIII.—MAY, 1867.

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By whom Proxies will be thankfully received; also by the lad's Uncle, Mr. H. S. WERN, 168, Queen's Road, Dalston.

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Edited by Members of the Universities.

Opinions of the Press.

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